

For over two days, a light drizzle has fallen, More moisture has collected on the outside of the rain gauges than within. Yet the gentle showers watered every tiny weed and each new blade of grass.

In the course of the rains, I've been preparing the pasture for the future. Rains in the Shortgrass Country mean strong markets. One washpan full of water sprinkled over a section will shake the scales at Omaha. Heavy dews on the windshields of the pickups can set off buying sprees on everything from riding slickers to seed oats.

I look for the moisture to put some spark in the cow market. Last sale day at San Angelo, a bunch of cows and calves brought \$900 a pair. But behind the scenes, it sounded like the buyer was just doing it to make a profit. If he had an interest other than money, the auctioneer didn't announce it.

After these rains, the real spenders are going to hit town-the grass men. They're the hombres who dream out on the life of a cow instead of cashing in on the life of a cow. You know who I mean: herders such as myself that ride these booms out to the fall. By fall I don't mean autumn. I mean "fall" like plunging off a cliff into a dark hole. Crash is a better word.

Don't misunderstand, I am not going to deny myself the feeling of being paper rich during the new boom. I'm already working on developing a new life style. The one I've chosen is the sterling silver and alligator hide look. Quiet, dignified wealth. Soft linen shirts and snappy wool tweeds. Far away from the baggy britches and run over boots era. Bentley cars, perhaps, or maybe a fancy hand quirt to carry in the stores. All in taste and all living proof that cow wealth is a natural state.

It's focused on the final scene at the bank. Right now I'm learning how to stroll so I can be casual about my entrance,. Then I'll say, "Excuse me ma'm, just where is your trust department?" or. "I beg your pardon, sir, who is in charge of your international finance?"

Real heavy stuff that'll cover up the days of 180-day chin-hanging notes. I hope the windfall comes after the simmer as I look much better in winter clothes.

Who among us would have ever thought an old calf would bring over a dollar a pound? These prices sound like the premiums of the stock shows. But I say let her come. We need the relief. This spring is going to be beautiful.